

# The Doctor's Story...

By HELEN A. COUSINS

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I WAS a young man of 27 and had just hung out my sign in a little manufacturing village of about 2,000 inhabitants. There were at this time three other physicians in the town, and during my four weeks' stay I had been favored with but few patients. I boarded with an elderly lady whose granddaddy cared for the garden and stable. My boarding mistress was precise and methodical in everything, and was a model of punctuality. So one day I set my watch and the clock in my little office ten minutes fast in order to be prompt at meals when at home. On the evening of that day, just before the clock struck 10, my telephone bell rang. I had only the day previous had the instrument put in and hastened to answer my first call. "Come immediately to Millville, No. 20 High street. Take the 10 o'clock train."

boldly on the front steps and was ringing the bell when a man at work in the next yard looked over the low fence. "There is no one at home, sir," he said. "Where are the people who belong here?" I asked. "They are spending the winter in southern California and have been away since last September," was his reply.

On returning to my office I found a telegram from my sister, who lived in an adjoining state. In response to it I started at once, and on arriving at



She silently pointed to the next room.

her home the following morning I learned that an elderly physician, a friend of her husband, was about to give up active practice. Arrangements were speedily made, and I moved to my new location.

During the spring and summer I was kept busy and had but little time to myself, yet often I pondered over my midnight visit to Millville, trying to persuade myself that it might be only a delusion of my brain while in some stage of somnambulism.

One night at about half past 12 I had returned from a professional call and was about to retire when I picked up the evening paper, which my thoughtful sister always left on my table. The first item I read was a notice in the society column, "Miss Marguerite Lawton of Millville is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Stephen Powers Lawton, on College avenue."

The name of the town brought to my mind the mysterious call I had once answered. I placed the paper on the table at my elbow. As I did so I became aware of a feeling as if some one was in the room. Glancing hastily around, I saw that I was alone, but as my gaze again fell on the table I saw moving toward me the figure of a man's hand, holding in its grasp the same peculiarly shaped key. The hand moved over the table until it rested on the paragraph I had just read, and the key tapped once or twice on the name "Marguerite."

The hand began to fade. Already I could see to read the letters that were under it, and as the shape of the key began to grow indistinct I seized a pencil and made a sketch of it on the margin of the paper opposite the paragraph.

The key had barely faded from my view when my bell rang. A man stood in the door. "Come at once to Mrs. Lawton's, College avenue."

In response to my inquiries he replied: "She is unconscious. It is probably a stroke of paralysis."

In a few minutes we entered the room where a slight girlish figure, clad all in black, was kneeling by the side of a bed whereon lay an old lady. She was quite dead, and but one glance was needed to show me that she was the mysterious one who had opened the door for me at the Millville house.

"Here is the doctor, Miss Marguerite," said the man. The young girl rose and with a stifled sob held out her hand to me. "My dearest friend, my only friend on earth, is gone!" she cried. A few days later my sister and I called to see Miss Lawton, who had decided to close her grandmother's house and go away.

brought home unconscious, with a cruel wound in his head. Robbery was evidently the motive of the assault, for the diamonds were gone; also the money and watch of the victim. The postman did not regain consciousness, but died in a few hours. Comparison of the dates showed that this occurred at the very time I had been called to Millville.

Inquiry proved also that the grand-mother had been in her own home, ill in bed with an attack of rheumatism, on that night.

Before going back to my practice I went with Marguerite to her old home. On arriving there I told her of my mysterious visit and of the key which had been held out to me. I produced the one I had made and asked if she had seen one like it, but she never had.

When we entered the dining room, it was a bright sunny day. I looked around the room, and as my glance rested on the massive oak sideboard that was built into one corner of the room I saw that along the top were carved leaves and bunches of grapes. Suddenly they flashed into my mind the words, "The second bunch of grapes," and, mounting a chair, I managed to reach it. After a few attempts I found I could move it a little, and finally I succeeded in pushing to one side the entire cluster, leaving exposed a keyhole in a little door of iron four or five inches square. Producing my mysterious key, I at once unlocked the door and found that the aperture contained a small iron box, in which we found the missing diamonds.

We soon went to the house of Marguerite's grandmother, where we have lived for the past eight years, during which time I have only once met with another ghostly visitor. "But that is another story."

**Fans For All Times.** Ladies of every clime and complexion from remote ages have possessed these mischief making weapons of coquetry. Fans were part of the bridal outfit of the maidens of ancient Rome. The proud stepping dames of Spain have rejoiced in the havoc wrought by these airy trifles. Copper colored Indians waved fans of turkey plumes. The clever Japanese turned the instrument to use undreamed of by less ingenious nations. It was in Japan that the folding fan had its origin and was imported thence to China. It is a compliment in China to invite a friend or distinguished guest to write some sentiment on your fan as a memento of any special occasion.

The fans used in France and England before the French revolution were of the most extraordinary richness. These expensive personal luxuries were set with precious stones and made of lacers of fabulous beauty. Artists devoted themselves to the painting of fans, Watteau fairly fanning himself to fame.

Ladies of rank rivaled each other in the costliness of their toys. Some carried fans with the portraits of important personages and political scenes of significance painted upon their surface. Some cynic has said that women endured the fatigue of churchoing by making it an occasion to display fine fans, white hands and brilliant jewelry.

**Speaking German.** After a woman had devoted several years and some money to the task of learning the German language thoroughly she felt herself more accomplished than some of her friends and took pleasure in the pride that this knowledge gave her. One day she was in a street car when a man entered and vainly tried to tell the conductor where he wanted to go. He spoke only German, the conductor understood not a word, and the passenger in despair turned to the others in the car.

"Does anybody here speak German?" he asked. This, thought the learned young woman, was an opportunity for her to make practical use of her really thorough knowledge of the language. She was preparing to volunteer her services as interpreter when the others who had heard the request also offered their aid. In all there were among the passengers on the car eleven men and two women who spoke German. While she still prizes her accomplishment, this studious young woman does not think her knowledge so unusual as she once did.—New York Sun.

**Mixing His Metaphors.** To Lord Rosebery's famous "spade and wind" metaphor may be added two or three lapses, not all of which are mixed metaphors, perpetuated by Lord Londonderry.

In 1887 Lord Londonderry threw the house of lords into roars of laughter during the debate on the second reading of the Irish land bill by gravely declaring that "this is the reason why you have failed to settle the Irish land question in the future as you have done in the past."

## UNCLE SAM'S MONEY.

THE SAFEGUARDS THAT HEDGE ABOUT ITS MANUFACTURE.

Care With Which Even the Shavings of the Peculiar Paper Used Are Handled—Counting and Reconciling the Treasured Sheets.

Uncle Sam's paper money has its birth in the bureau of engraving and printing in Washington. Here a corps of engravers cut its lines into plates of steel. Five hundred men and women are in one room. It is the largest printing office in the world. Here are struck from these plates the notes which we give the butcher and the baker. Each steel plate when not in actual use is stored away in a great burglar proof vault to which only the highest officials know the combination.

At the side of each printing press is a little indicator like a bicycle cyclometer, which keeps tally of every piece of paper money printed. Thus is Uncle Sam kept informed as to the exact number of paper notes of all denominations which leave his presses daily.

If there is any secret which Uncle Sam jealously guards, it is the process of manufacturing the fiber paper upon which his money notes are printed. He pays a Massachusetts firm a big price for it, and this firm does its work under the surveillance of a government agent. The paper is manufactured of the finest rags, cleaned, boiled and mashed into pulp. As it is rolled into thin sheets silk threads are introduced into it by a secret process. These are the distinguishing marks making imitation of the paper well nigh impossible.

The sheets of paper, already counted twice and placed in uniform packages at the paper mill, are stored in a treasury vault and issued to the bureau of engraving and printing as wanted. Before leaving the treasury they are counted three times more, and the receiving official at the bureau must receipt for them. Then the bundles are unwrapped, and the sheets are counted twenty-eight times by a corps of women. This is to insure that each printer gets the recorded number, no more, no less. Before any employee of the bureau is permitted to take a sheet home for home each night he must exhibit to a watchman at the door a pass certifying that every fragment of every sheet passing through his fingers has been counted for.

If one sheet of this precious paper be lost, the entire force of men and women having access to the room where the misplacement has occurred are kept in, like so many school children, to find it. Each sheet is issued from the vault for the printing of a definite amount of money upon it. If the lost sheet is intended to ultimately represent \$4,000 worth of notes, the group of employees to whom the responsibility of its misplacement has been traced must make good that amount if they cannot locate it within a reasonable time.

Twenty-four times more are the sheets containing the printed money counted after leaving the presses. Then they are sealed in packages of 1,000, placed on racks in a drying room of 130 degrees temperature, unpeaked, thoroughly examined, smoothed in powerful hydraulic presses and packed in wooden cases. These cases are handed to the treasury in an ironclad wagon. Six guards, heavily armed, accompany this wagon whenever it makes a trip.

No attempt to steal Uncle Sam's money while undergoing any of these stages of manufacture has yet been detected. As a matter of fact, the money would be practically useless, for its printing is not completed until after it makes this guarded journey to the treasury. There the finishing touch is added in the printing of the colored seal upon the face of each note. With the six sealing presses the same precautions are taken as with the two hundred and fifty big money presses in the other building. Each sheet coming from the former has a row of notes printed upon it. The sheets are put through small machines, operated by girls, who cut out the individual notes. Even the small strips, falling like shavings from their machines, must be carefully collected, sent to the bureau of engraving and printing and there boiled into pulp.

An employee found with even one of these ribbons of waste paper is liable to imprisonment for fifteen years and a fine of \$5,000.

Between these different processes the paper money has been counted and re-counted six additional times. Finally the single notes are placed in stacks of 100, with all of the blue numbers printed on their faces in sequence. They are then wrapped in paper, labeled, sealed with red wax and stored in the great treasury vaults. Thus each piece of paper money now in circulation has been officially counted sixty-three times.

In our minds the system of accounting for the blank metal out of which the finished coins are stamped, of keeping tally on the coining machines' work, of counting the finished product, of packing it, of sealing it in cloth bags, of transporting it under guard, of counting it many times again and finally of storing it away is practically the same.

There is not a day in the year when any one of the seven great treasury vaults does not contain in coin, bullion, notes, certificates or bonds sufficient to make you or me one of the richest of the world's multimillionaires. The most capacious of these strong boxes are in the basement of the treasury, in the guard of men—mostly old soldiers, commanded by a captain and lieutenant—watches them day and night. These guardians are heavily armed, and they patrol their beats every quarter hour throughout the night.—Saturday Evening Post.

## HUMAN ALARM CLOCKS.

How Messenger Boys Are Utilized as Watchmen in New York.

At 1 o'clock the other morning a well dressed man strolled into one of the uptown messenger offices. He had been dining out and evidently, from the rakish tilt to his opera hat, the dinner had been a success.

"I want a messenger boy to come and waken me in the morning."

"What hour?" The clerk was all business, for the request was not unusual.

"Seven o'clock, I've got to catch a train," he explained.

"All right, sir; 7 o'clock," assured the clerk.

The man turned as he was going out of the door. "Have the boy hammer the door hard, I've got to sleep, and I've got to catch that train." Then he went home and went to sleep with absolute confidence.

The whistles were blowing 7 o'clock. A small boy in uniform hammered with a club, his "wakener," on the door of the man who had dined the night before. "Get up in there!" he cried. "Get up, you old sleepyhead!"

"You go away from my door," comes in sleepy tones from the room. "It's a mistake. I don't want to get up."

"Oh, yes, you do, my dodo bird," is the fresh reply. And the tattoo on the door goes on with redoubled strength.

"All right, boy; I'm awake now!" howls the man who has been sleeping. "You can go away now."

"Not till you've signed this receipt," the boy insists.

The man has to crawl out of bed and come to the door. The boy has a paper ready, and as he is a careful man he reads before signing. It certifies that he has been thoroughly wakened by Messenger No. 432 and that he is not going back to bed again that day.

## FAD BECAME A MANIA.

Temporarily Harvard Book Plates, a Dancer Turned Thief.

It would seem from the experience of the Harvard college library that book plate collecting may sometimes develop into a dangerous and expensive mania. A few years ago the Harvard library found that the engraved labels which it pastes on the inside of the covers of its books as marks of its ownership were disappearing from some of the less used volumes.

The older book plates, it appears, are highly prized by collectors, and some of them are particularly valuable for their artistic merit as well as for interesting associations with early book collecting in this country. These were naturally the special prey of the thief.

Detectives took the matter in hand, and the offender was discovered with full evidence of his guilt upon him. He confessed to stealing the library's property and to having it in his possession. By the time the matter reached the courts the greater part of the book plates had been restored, the thief having settled satisfactorily with the persons to whom he had sold or given them, and as the prisoner had repaid the expense to which the library had been put, the college consented to leave the matter of sentence with the court, which imposed a fine of \$150 on one count and put the other count on file to be brought up again later if it should be desirable, meanwhile placing the offender under \$1,000 bonds for his future appearance if he should be wanted.

A striking point in the case is that the guilty man is in no way a common criminal. His education he has a degree of doctor and his taste seen only to have made his thefts more intelligent and discriminating, however. He knew the value of his peculiar booty, and he knew how to dispose of it, his very personality being a protection to him in that part of his misdemeanor. Apparently the fad developed to a mania and that to kleptomania in his mind.

A number of the stolen plates have not yet been traced at all, and collectors have been warned against accepting Harvard plates of the older engraved varieties unless there is unmistakable evidence that they came honestly into the possession of the person who offers them.

**LAW POINTS.** A druggist may be convicted of maintaining a liquor nuisance, though having a permit to sell liquor, holds the supreme court of Kansas.

The giving of a new note for an existing indebtedness will not of itself release collateral security held for payment of such indebtedness, holds the supreme court of Nebraska.

A child of divorced parents is a ward of the court and must not be removed from the state by the parent to whom the court has awarded the custody, holds the appellate court of Illinois.

A reservation of title in a conditional sale of goods is valid as between the parties and those succeeding to their rights, with knowledge of such reservation, either personally or from the records.

A decree or order for alimony in a divorce proceeding is not a debt within the meaning of that term as used in the constitution prohibiting imprisonment for debt, holds the supreme court of Washington.

A bequest in a will for the purchase of books on spiritualism, to be free to all, is held by the court of chancery of New Jersey in the case of Jones versus Watford (50 Atl. Rep. 180) to be a charitable gift which a court of equity will enforce.

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## A Physician's Tests.

Bright's Disease and Diabetic Are Positively Curable.

Judge Henry S. Foote, a former member of our State Supreme Court Commission, and one of the best known jurists on the Coast, makes the following certificate:

"I am asked to certify the following facts. A well-known physician in active practice put two cases of Bright's disease and one of Diabetes on the Fulton Commission. He is willing the results should be known, but for professional reasons without his name. As the results are so squarely opposed by all medical works, I was asked to investigate and report the facts, which I did, and I find and certify as follows:

"An old-school physician of unquestioned standing and ability has just tested the Fulton Commission cases with these results:  
Case No. 1—Mrs. T. chronic Bright's disease; urea albuminuria; dropsy; etc. Under treatment with the Compound the dropsy disappeared in thirty days and last of the albumin in 30. Cured.  
Case No. 2—Mr. H. chronic Bright's disease of 2 years' standing; urea; dropsy; etc. In 2 weeks albumin reduced a half, and a few weeks later patient down to a trace and dropsy entirely gone. Patient finished a week and left for an extended trip. (Too early, it is believed, for permanent cure.)  
Case No. 3—Mrs. F. chronic diabetes; physcia; etc. Under treatment with the Compound the sugar path disappeared and sugar decreasing. See enclosed the physician's report. Improvement wonderful; sugar a trifle less every two weeks.  
Asked what percentage are curable by these Compound, the physician replied: 'I don't know, but it must be large—nearly a hundred, if my own cases are any criterion.'"  
—DR. HENRY S. FOOTE.

Asked what he individually thought of Judge Foote's report: "I am satisfied the cure has been found."  
Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 97 per cent. are positively recovering under the Fulton Commission Compound. (Common forms of kidney complaint and rheumatism also, but short resistance.) Price \$1 for the Compound's Disease and Diabetes. It was sold in 1828 to New York city and since has been in use for various curative and charitable institutions. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

**Balzac's Way.** Jules Sandeau relates that one time while living in Paris Balzac locked himself up in his room for twenty-two days and twenty-two nights, refusing to see any one and keeping the curtains closed and the lights continually burning even in broad daylight. The only human being he saw during this time was his servant, whom he rang for when he felt the need of food and which he washed down with numerous cups of coffee. He would throw himself on his bed only when entirely exhausted from lack of sleep, and he remained in complete ignorance of what was transpiring outside, the state of the weather and even of the time and day of the week. He only freed himself from this voluntary captivity when he had written the word "End" on the last page of the manuscript he began when he entered his prison.

**Price of Blackwell's Island.** The price of Blackwell's Island when it was purchased by New York city was not seven pieces of wampum, 120 pounds of tobacco or two stacks of firearms, the price of Manhattan Island, but \$50,000, paid to Robert Blackwell, the owner, who had married the daughter of the English captain Manning, who in 1673 surrendered New York city to the Dutch. When the English resumed control, Manning retired to Blackwell's Island, then known as Hog Island, and after his death it became the property of his daughter and son-in-law. It was sold in 1828 to New York city and since has been in use for various curative and charitable institutions.

**Storing Oxygen in the Blood.** Professional divers, who remain under water from two to five minutes at a time, are accustomed before submerging themselves to take deep inspirations for ten minutes. The object is said to be to store up oxygen, not in the lung cells, but in the blood corpuscles. This renders a temporary suspension of the breathing possible by supplying the corpuscles with an extra quantity of oxygen, to be exchanged chemically with the carbonic acid, produced by vital processes, in the blood.

**The English Language.** I like to be beholden to the great metropolitan English speech, the sea which receives tributaries from every region under heaven. I should as soon think of swimming across the Charles river when I wish to go to Boston as of reading all my books in originals when I have them rendered for me in my English tongue.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

**The Unlucky Thirteen.** "I hate to have to pack up again," protested the wife. "This will be the thirteenth time we have moved since we came to town, and that's bad luck." "But we've own \$13 rent on this house, Marg," he said, "and it'll be a heap worse luck to stay here and have to pay it."—Chicago Tribune.

**In Stripes.** "Will you kindly show me what you have here?" asked the visitor to the penitentiary. "With pleasure," replied the warden, who had once worked in a dry goods store. "We have a few things in stripes that I think will interest you."—Ohio State Journal.

**Art.** "Are you fond of pictures?" asked the man who is interested in art. "I should say so!" answered Broncho Bob. "Give me jacks, queens or kings every time. I always did hate to fool with tempsets or less."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Innocent—What did you enjoy most about your fishing trip, dear? Mr. Innocent—I got most excited when I was reeling in, my love. Mrs. Innocent (bursting into tears)—And to—think you promised me you wouldn't drink a drop!—Harlem Life.

The following day Mr. Lawton was